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THE  
**MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG.**

A FARCE IN ONE ACT,

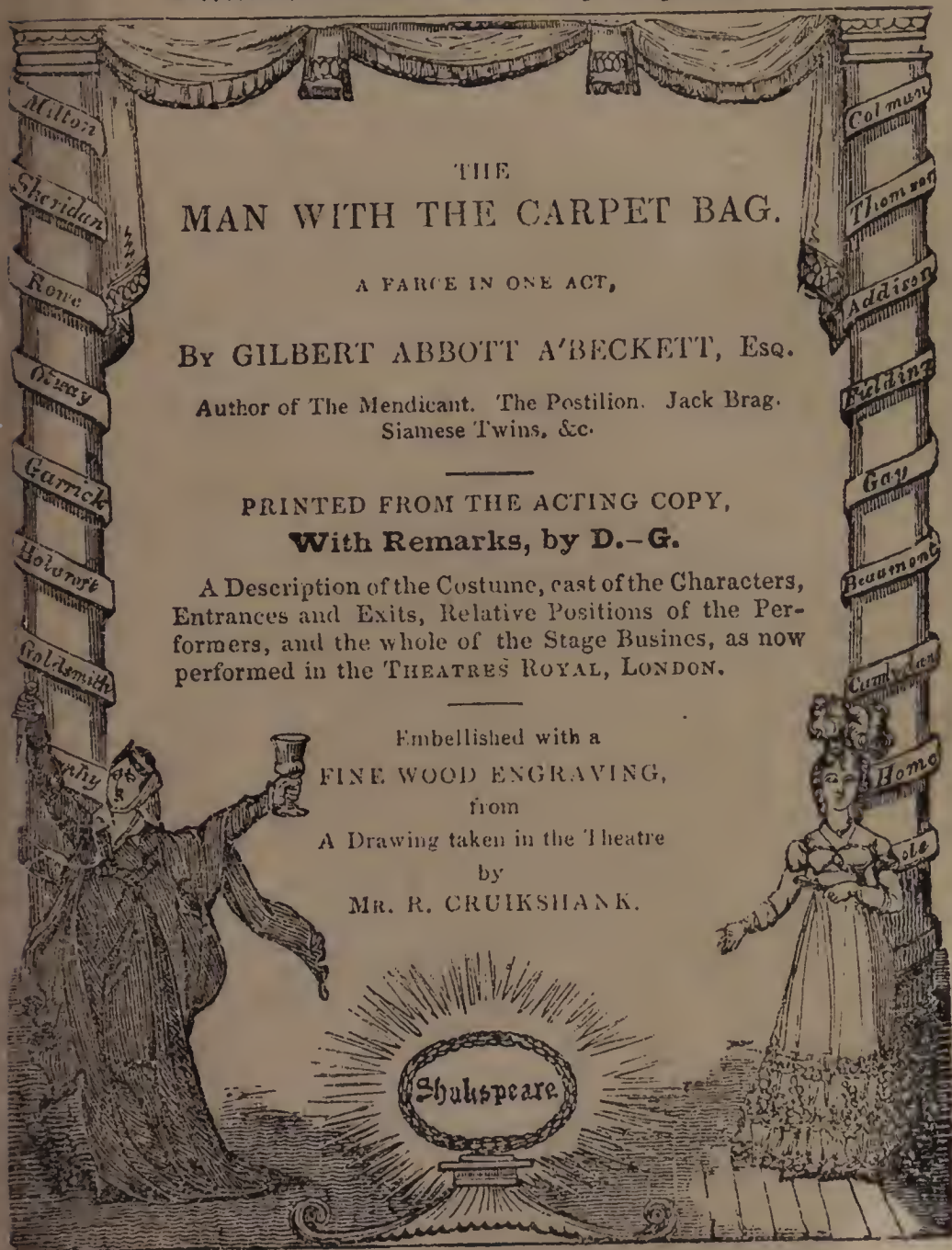
By GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT, Esq.

Author of *The Mendicant*. *The Postilion*. *Jack Brag*.  
*Siamese Twins*, &c.

PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY,  
**With Remarks, by D.-G.**

A Description of the Costume, cast of the Characters,  
Entrances and Exits, Relative Positions of the Per-  
formers, and the whole of the Stage Business, as now  
performed in the THEATRE ROYAL, LONDON.

Embellished with a  
FINE WOOD ENGRAVING,  
from  
A Drawing taken in the Theatre  
by  
MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.



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### The Man with the Carpet Bag.

*Boots.* Oh, young man—it won't do!      knows all about you,  
and that ere carpet bag.

*Act I. Scene:*

# THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG :

A FARCE,

In One Act.

BY GILBERT ABBOTT À BECKETT, ESQ.,

*Author of Man-Fred, Figaro in London, Unfortunate Miss Bailey, St. Mark's Eve, A Clear Case, &c.*

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PRINTED FROM THE ACTING COPY, WITH REMARKS,  
BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL, BY D.—G.

To which are added,

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUME,—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS,—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS,—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

As performed at the

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From a Drawing taken in the Theatre by MR. R. CRUIKSHANK.

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G. H. DAVIDSON, PETER'S HILL, DOCTORS' COMMONS,  
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## REMARKS.

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### *The Man with the Carpet Bag.*

THIS farce turns upon an ingenious incident. It has simplicity of plot; neatness of execution; humour of dialogue; shrewdness of remark; and a natural and satisfactory conclusion. Considerable mirth is excited at the expense of the law; which the law can well afford, seeing to what expense it puts its clients.

Mr. Grab, an attorney of unscrupulous conscience, is employed to carry on the suit of "Fleece versus Pluckwell." Fleece hopes to recover certain estates from Pluckwell, on the plea that there are no deeds to entitle him to hold them. Pluckwell depends much upon a possible lucky discovery of the said deeds, and more upon the forensic eloquence of Counsellor Wrangle, who, in the event of success, is to marry his daughter with a fortune, and, per contra, without one. The dumps depend upon dad's being put out of them, by winning his cause. Now Lucifer, who, from their wickedness, must have something to do with the affairs of this world, has put the missing parchments into the possession of Grab. But Grab wants a confederate to assist him in his plans; and who so fit as Mr. Grimes, his confidential clerk?

With due caution the wily practitioner discloses the important secret to his dependant; who is to swear (to the best of his belief!) to the non-existence of the deeds.—The action will not lie, unless Grimes does! A weekly five shillings to his pound is to be the price of his perjury. The case comes on a few miles from London; and a difficulty arises as to the temporary disposal of the papers during his absence. His chambers may be searched—robbed; they must not be left there. In sight, Grimes is to be safely trusted; but out of sight, the pupil may "better the instruction" of his preceptor! It is decided that he too shall repair to the scene of action, and carry with him, not in a blue bag, which looks like a lawyer, but in a carpet bag, which looks like a gentleman! the im-

portant deeds; and that no suspicion may arise as to his respectability, he is not to know his master on his travels. Mr. Wrangle has arrived at the Hog and Hatband, an inn that stands highest and charges highest of any in the town. The brandy and water is weakly, and the newspaper daily: he sits down to discuss the one, and digest the other. Mr. Wrangle, like certain of his professional brethren, is a spice of Mr. Puff. He joins fond couples in holy matrimony that never saw one another before—murders men for a crown that are alive and merry, and gets a supplementary two-and-sixpence the next day for bringing them to life again! He is paragraphist, purveyor for the press, penny-a-liner;—one of the interminable tribe of “*We*,” a dry dog over his porter—a more dry one in print; an oracle in a small way, and portentously and pertinaciously political! In the “*Tap-Tub*” \* he recognises an extempore fratricide, perpetrated in his own chambers over an extra pint of half-and-half; and, as an appendage to the editor’s leading article, “*Ingenious Swindling!*” another flam from the same everlasting manufactory, and conceived when the waiter demurred to bring in the second glass before he touched for the first. “*Ingenious Swindling*” is a happy flight of imagination, cautioning landlords against a perambulating prigger—a man with “a carpet bag,” who stuffs his utensil full of cabbage leaves, which he leaves in his bed-room, and supplies their vacuum with anything he can cabbage. Jests sometimes prove melancholy things: “Half the strange stories (says Johnson) you hear in the world come from people’s not understanding a joke.” The landlord of the next inn takes imagination’s flight for gospel: he marshals his household to give them warning against the man with the “carpet bag.”—Wrangle, Grab, and Grimes, arrive at the inn, where the “caution” has just made such a stir. Boots is particularly eloquent, and contributes not a little to the hilarity of the scene. All eyes are suddenly fixed on the man with the “carpet bag.” Grab and Wrangle agree to take a chop together; Grimes, too, as “Uncle pays for all!” is similarly inclined, and asks the waiter what he has got in the house. “More than you will take out of it!” is the ominous reply. He requires a bed-room: the chambermaid will let no bed-room to the man with the “carpet bag!” Grimes never felt so uncomfortable since he was

\* Lord Brougham’s appropriate cognomen for “*The Morning Advertiser*.”



lucked in the Fleet! He beckons Boots. The beneficent Boots can hardly believe he is "sich a willin!" But some of your hardest rogues look the softest; and such a rogue is the man with the "carpet bag!" He is exhorted by Boots to repent, and give up his evil deeds!—He calls for a glass of brandy and water, hot—"That's cool!" cries the waiter—"and with a *silver spoon* in it!" The landlord is next appealed to: he has called for several things in his house. No doubt; but he won't carry them away with him! This is a finisher: he will leave the inn; but there are two words to that bargain. His "carpet bag" must be searched ere he is allowed to depart.—Wrangle, seeing the mischief that is likely to ensue, interferes in his behalf; and Grab, whose character and costs are in jeopardy, volunteers to be the "carpet bag" man's professional adviser. He insists that the bag shall not be searched; it is an infringement of the subject's liberty. The appearance of Mr. Pluckwell, the magistrate, brings matters to a crisis. Grimes, alarmed at the scrape he has got into, and in spite of Grab's strenuous opposition, agrees to the search. The mysterious "carpet bag" is opened, its contents are examined, and the estates finally secured to the Pluckwell family. The barrister is united to the young heiress, and the fortune gained.

The quaint sayings and home-thrusts of Grimes were given with strong effect by Mr. Mitchell. This character is entirely epigrammatic; and the hard hits against the legal profession are truly subtle and searching. Boots (ludicrously represented by little Ross) is a Trojan in a smaller degree; and the magistrate's daughter is not a whit behind hand in her anti-legal wit. "The Man with the Carpet Bag" is one of Mr. A. Beckett's best productions; and, what is somewhat remarkable in modern farce, it reads well.



D.—G.

**Cast of the Characters,**  
*As performed at the Metropolitan Minor Theatres.*

	<i>Strand, 1835.</i>	<i>St. James's, 1836.</i>
<i>Pluckwell (a Magistrate)</i> . . .	Mr. Doyne.	Mr. Hollingsworth.
<i>Wrangle (a Junior Barrister)</i> . . .	Mr. Forrester.	Mr. Forrester.
<i>Grab (an Attorney)</i> . . .	Mr. Williams.	Mr. Strickland.
<i>Grimes (the Man with the Carpet Bag)</i> . . .	Mr. Mitchell.	Mr. Mitchell.
<i>John (Waiter at the London Inn)</i> . . .	Mr. Dubochett.	Mr. Bishop.
<i>Mr. Stokes (Landlord)</i> . . .	Mr. Debar.	Mr. Gray.
<i>Tom</i> { <i>Waiters</i> . . . . . }	Mr. Kerridge.	Mr. Sidney.
<i>Fred</i> { . . . . . }	Master Horton.	Mr. Moore.
<i>Boots</i> . . . . .	Mr. Oxberry.	Mr. Gardner.
<i>Coachman</i> . . . . .	Mr. Morrelli.	Mr. Williamson.
<i>Harriet (Pluckwell's Daughter)</i> . . . . .	Miss Forrester.	Miss Garrick.
<i>Chambermaid</i> . . . . .	Miss Willmott.	Miss Stuart.
<i>Burmaid</i> . . . . .	Miss Ward.	Miss Jefferson.

**Costume.**

**PLUCKWELL.**—Brown coat and waistcoat—black breeches.

**WRANGLE.**—Black suit.

**GRAB.**—Black coat, waistcoat, and breeches—high black boots.

**GRIMES.**—Shabby black suit.

**JOHN.**—Blue coat—light waistcoat—pantaloons—shoes.

**MR. STOKES.**—Brown suit.

**TOM and FRED.**—Plain walking dresses.

**BOOTS.**—Drab jacket—kerseymere breeches—worsted stockings—shoes.

**COACHMAN.**—Great coat—large hat—boots.

**HARRIET.**—White muslin—straw hat.

**CHAMBERMAID.**—Coloured gown, white apron, &c.

**BARMAID.**—Coloured gown, smart cap, &c.

**STAGE DIRECTIONS.**

The Conductors of this Work print no Plays but those which they have seen acted. The *Stage Directions* are given from personal observations, during the most recent performances.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; C. *Centre*; R.C. *Right of Centre*; L.C. *Left of Centre*; D.F. *Door in the Flat, or Scene running across the back of the Stage*; C.D.F. *Centre Door in the Flat*; R.D.F. *Right Door in the Flat*; L.D.F. *Left Door in the Flat*; R.D. *Right Door*; L.D. *Left Door*; S.E. *Second Entrance*; U.E. *Upper Entrance*; C.D. *Centre Door*.

\*\*\* *The Reader is supposed to be on the Stage, facing the Audience.*

# THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Attorney's Office—a carpet-bag and a blue bag hanging against the wall—a table, R.*

GRAB and GRIMES discovered—Grab seated at the table, with deeds, papers, pens, &c.—Grimes seated on a stool at a desk, L. U. E., writing.

Grab. Well, Mr. Grimes, what are you now upon?

Grimes. Upon the stool, sir.

Grab. Nonsense! Have you drawn that abstract?

Grimes. Yes, sir, I've done the deed.

Grab. Did you serve the subpoena in Pluckwell, at the suit of Fleece?

Grimes. Yes, sir.

Grab. Did you serve him at home?

Grimes. No, sir, I did it in a regular lawyer-like manner; I served him out.

Grab. That will do. Now come here; I want to talk to you. [*They come forward.*] This case of Fleece *v.* Pluckwell is one of great importance to the parties interested.

Grimes. You mean the lawyers, I suppose, sir?

Grab. Hear me. My client, Mr. Fleece, proceeds against Pluckwell for the recovery of certain estates, on the ground that there are no deeds in existence to entitle Pluckwell to them:—now, I have these very deeds, but I must keep them back, or the action will not be good.

Grimes. Yes, sir, but if you keep them back, it won't be a good action: 'twill be a bad action, won't it, sir, to keep a man out of his own property?

Grab. Don't dictate to me, sir! Holding back the deeds is the only thing that will make the action good in law; and that's my business.

Grimes. Oh, it's nothing to me, sir; I'm only the clerk.

Grab. Quite right, Mr. Grimes; and I shall want you to make oath, though I shall not need your presence as a witness. [*Giving a paper.*] You will find in this paper in-

structions for an affidavit to which you will have to swear ; you must swear that, to the best of your knowledge, those deeds are not in existence ; you must stick to that, or the action won't lie.

*Grimes.* Then, if I don't lie, the action won't lie either ? But how am I to satisfy my conscience ?

*Grab.* Why, I shall add five shillings a week to your salary.

*Grimes.* Thank you, sir ; that will about do it.

*Grab.* And, remember, you need not know these deeds are in existence ; for what proof have you ? I only said so.

*Grimes.* Oh ! that's no proof, sir : if you only said so, that's no evidence at all.

*Grab.* Then, again, you have only seen the outside of the papers ; you are not to suppose, though you see them in my office, that the deeds are good.

*Grimes.* Certainly not, sir ; good deeds in your office are not at all common.

*Grab.* Exactly so. But now, Mr. Grimes, that your conscience is eased in this particular, let me know if I really can depend upon you.

*Grimes.* Why, if you can't, sir, there's no honour among thieves ; that's all I can say.

*Grab.* I believe you are grateful, Mr. Grimes, and will acknowledge you have been obliged by me.

*Grimes.* True, sir, I have been obliged by you—[*Aside.*] to do many very dirty actions !

*Grab.* I have patronized you warmly ; I evinced as much interest in your welfare, as if you had been a rich client, instead of a poor dependant ; you were an outcast, and I took you in.

*Grimes.* You did, sir—you took me in ; and if I'd been a rich client, as you say, you wouldn't have acted otherwise.

*Grab.* Well, Grimes, I think you know me, and you know also what a professional man must be. In the law, one who is a man of business must sometimes sacrifice considerations both of feeling and honour.

*Grimes.* Yes ; and you are always in business, you know, sir.

*Grab.* I confess it, Grimes ; but a man in our profession must put his heart in it : when I started in business, that was my only capital.

*Grimes.* You did not risk much, then, sir.

*Grab.* Well, Grimes, never mind that ; can I place reliance in your fidelity ?

*Grimes.* Certainly, sir, as long as you are not in arrear with my salary.

*Grab.* Very well. Now I am going five or six miles from London to the trial of the cause "Fleece v. Pluckwell," which comes off on the home-circuit this day.

*Grimes.* Yes, sir.

*Grab.* Well, I shall want your assistance; for if Pluckwell should gain the cause, I lose my costs.

*Grimes.* Very well, sir.

*Grab.* Not at all very well. But the finding these deeds would be the only means of Fleece being beaten.

*Grimes.* Why not destroy them at once?

*Grab.* Not yet: I always think it prudent to have two strings to my bow; and while I possess these deeds, I have my client Fleece completely in my power.

*Grimes.* You wish them to be locked up, sir, till we get back?

*Grab.* No, I cannot trust them out of my reach. Suppose anything should happen in my absence, and my chambers were to be either robbed or searched, the deeds would of course come to light.

*Grimes.* There are very few lawyers would like all their deeds brought to light, sir.

*Grab.* Exactly, and these in particular; you must therefore take charge of them yourself, and bring them down with you to the trial.

*Grimes.* But can't I take charge of them in town? Why should I go out of town with you?

*Grab.* Why, the fact is, though I have had the fullest confidence in you, when I have you under my eye, duty to myself will not allow me to trust you out of my sight with those papers.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] The suspicious old villain! [*Aloud.*] I'm sure, sir, the length of time I've been under you ought to have made you confide in me by this time.

*Grab.* It is your length of service, under me, that is my only reason for distrusting you.

*Grimes.* Well, sir, you know best what I've learned under you; but how am I to take charge of the very deeds I'm to swear I know nothing about? Suppose I should be searched on the road?

*Grab.* The thing is impossible; you must travel as if you did not know me, and that will avoid suspicion.

*Grimes.* Yes, sir, it will look more respectable my not knowing you; but how shall I take them? In a blue bag?

*Grab.* No ; a blue bag is lawyer-like ; and, consequently, suspicious. We must have something that looks more as if it belonged to a gentleman.

*Grimes.* And less as if it belonged to you ? I understand you, sir.

*Grab.* Take down that carpet bag ; that will be the very thing.

*Grimes.* [*Taking down the carpet bag, and holding it to Grab.*] That's a good thought, sir ; a carpet bag is very unsuspecting, and particularly un-lawyer-like.

*Grab.* How so ? What is there so un-lawyer-like about a carpet bag ?

*Grimes.* Why, sir, it puts a great deal in a very small compass.

*Grab.* Yes ; it will be the very thing. [*Putting in deeds.*] Now, mind you are very cautious ; don't let the deeds fall out on any account.

*Grimes.* No, I won't, sir ; the papers sha'n't fall out ; we'll leave the falling out to the clients.

*Grab.* Now we'll lock them up securely, that nobody may touch them.

*Grimes.* Yes, sir ; put them in Chancery.

*Grab.* And I will take the key of the padlock, so that even if you were to wish to produce them against me, you wouldn't have the power.

*Grimes.* Lord, sir ! you need not be so particular about the lock—I'm not going to bolt !

*Grab.* No, I know that, my dear fellow ; but you might be robbed—you might go down in bad company.

*Grimes.* Well, but I'm not going with you.

*Grab.* No ; and as I am not to be known by you, I may as well get on at once to the place from which the coach starts. The name of the house is the Hog and Hatband. You had better follow me there presently, but do not show yourself inside the house. [*Crossing to L.*] And, mark me : don't, on any pretext, lose your hold of the carpet bag : if any one asks you to allow him to take your luggage, say, decidedly, " No ! " Wherever you are, hold the carpet bag in your hand.

*Grimes.* Very well, sir ; I'll keep hold of it as firmly as a bailiff holds a man that's arrested.

*Grab.* Well, I think we understand each other now, Grimes ; [*Significantly, and giving money.*] therefore, I shall leave you to study your affidavit—that is, the draft.

*Grimes.* And a precious draft it is ! Must I swallow all this ?

*Grab.* Come, come, no flinching. I've given you a pill with it; you have only to say certain deeds do not exist; and that they do, you have only my word. Why should you believe me?

*Grimes.* Very true, sir; why should I?

*Grab.* Exactly! You must banish such ridiculous qualms. When I entered business, I used to be tormented with several scruples of conscience; but before I'd been in it a year, I hadn't two grains. Follow me in a few minutes to the Hog and Hatband.

*Grimes.* Very well, sir.

*Grab.* And, above all, never, for one moment, lose your hold of the carpet bag. [*Exit, L.*

*Grimes.* My master is a thorough scoundrel; practice, they say, makes perfect, and his practice has made him a perfect rascal. Well, a man who is honest gets no business, and so he has no business to be honest; that's my argument. I consider myself a part of this office, and I think it's my duty to do as I'm directed; I'm only an instrument in Mr. Grab's hands, like a pen or a piece of paper. If he had a pen that wouldn't write, he'd cut it; and if he had a clerk that wouldn't do as he was told, he'd cut him also. I don't see that I'm to blame; I don't much like this swearing, though; but it an't like an oath—it's only an affidavit. Besides, as it's law, they'll turn it and twist it into so many shapes and phrases, that they'll almost conceal the lie in the technicalities. There's never anything directly to the purpose in a law form; and so, I dare say, I shall be able to set my hand and seal very conscientiously. Well, I shall follow Mr. Grab to the Hog and Hatband. I must remember his instructions. First, I'm never to let go the carpet bag; secondly, I'm not to know my master, but pretend to fancy that he's some respectable person, going the same road with me. Fancy Grab a respectable person! what a tremendous stretch of imagination! Why, that will be the most difficult job he ever set me to accomplish, to fancy him a gentleman!

[*Exit with the carpet bag, L.*

SCENE II.—*The Coffee Room at the Hog and Hatband—two tables and two chairs.*

*Enter WRANGLE, L.*

*Wra.* It cannot be long, now, before the coach starts. I am rather impatient, for I have two suits to urge on my

arrival at the assize town. First, I have to defend old Pluckwell, at the suit of Fleece; secondly, I have to press my suit with my client's daughter; for which purpose, I also go to court, though of a more agreeable kind than any under the jurisdiction of his majesty's judges. If I gain my cause for Pluckwell, I gain a fortune with his daughter; but I am rather fearful of the result, as success depends on the production of deeds that are not forthcoming; however, I must hope for the best. [*Calling.*] Waiter!

*Enter* WAITER, L.

*Wai.* What did you please to want, sir?

*Wra.* The morning paper.

*Wai.* Do you please to take anything with it, sir?

*Wra.* With it! What do you mean? Certainly not.

*Wai.* Then the paper's engaged, if you please, sir.

*Wra.* Oh, I see! I will take something with it: you may bring me a glass of brandy and water with it, as the paper is generally rather dry.

*Wai.* I'll bring them directly, sir. Brandy and water you said—didn't you, sir?

*Wra.* Yes, yes, that will do; at all events, it will make me warm within.

*Wai.* Then, sir, you'll have it cold without. [*Exit, L.*]

*Wra.* It's very hard that a poor devil of a barrister, like me, can't come in and digest a newspaper without being forced to call for something that he has no call for; though I ought not to object to paying something for a newspaper occasionally, for I don't know how I should get on, if I didn't now and then pick up a pound or two by writing newspaper paragraphs.

*Re-enter* WAITER *with brandy and water, and a newspaper, L.*

*Wai.* Paper, sir, and brandy and water.

*Wra.* The brandy and water looks weakly.

*Wai.* Does it, sir? But the paper is daily.

*Wra.* I don't think your master has put much spirit in this.

*Wai.* I heard my master say, sir, there's an immense deal of spirit in the leading article. [*Exit, L.*]

*Wra.* Well, that's cool, upon my honour! What is there in the paper? Plenty of lies, of course; for, indeed, when the public take in a newspaper, for a newspaper to take in the public is but gratitude. I often do my share. The



other day I committed a murder for a morning paper, and laid the man out, at full length, in a ten-shilling paragraph. He was ascertained not to be dead, and I got five shillings for the contradiction, which I embellished with due denunciations of the villany of injuring a family's feelings, by a premature announcement of so melancholy a catastrophe. Here, too, I see, is one of my little paragraphs: this, however, is quite harmless, being so perfectly a fabrication that it cannot possibly do injury to any one. It might be a fact, and that's a sufficient recommendation for its introduction in a newspaper. Let's see how it reads.

[*Reading.*] "INGENIOUS SWINDLING.—*Innkeepers are cautioned against a man with a Carpet Bag, who travels about with no other luggage than that alluded to. He fills his carpet bag with cabbage leaves, or other rubbish, which he generally empties under his bed, and substitutes whatever valuables may come in his way—utterly regardless who may be the owner of the property. The man with the carpet bag has already visited several hotels and inns in the vicinity of London, the landlords of which have been minus several valuables, and plus only a parcel of cabbage leaves.*"

[*Laughing.*] Ha! ha! that reads well, and can do no mischief; it has put a few shillings into my pocket, and will put the innkeepers on the look-out for a swindler who never will arrive.

*Enter GRAB, L., followed by the WAITER.*

*Wai.* What will you please to take, sir?

*Grab.* I've just taken something.

*Wai.* Have you, sir?

*Grab.* Yes, I took my place by the coach, just as I entered.

*Wai.* [*Aside.*] A stingy fellow! Well, the coach may go without him, before I'd let him know it's ready. [*Exit, L.*

*Grab.* I told Grimes not to make his appearance at the coffee-house; I hope he'll get down safe with the carpet bag. [*Looking round—aside.*] Hollo! there's some one sitting! I didn't see him.

*Wra.* Good morning, sir!

*Grab.* (R.) Good morning, sir!

*Wra.* (L.) A fine day, sir!

*Grab.* Yes, sir, but dusty.

*Wra.* Yes, it is dusty; but we must expect dust at this time of the year.

*Grab.* Yes, sir, we must look for it now.

*Wra.* No, my dear sir, we need not look for the dust, unless we want to have it in our eyes. [*Aside.*] This is but a dull fellow for conversation; I'll try and draw him out. [*Aloud.*] Have you seen the paper, sir?

*Grab.* No, sir.

*Wra.* Here is this morning's; there's nothing at all in it.

*Grab.* Thank you, sir; then I dare say it will be very amusing.

*Wra.* There was nothing done in the houses last night; nothing in the Lords, and nothing in the Commons.

*Grab.* That's nothing out of the common way, sir, at all events.

*Wra.* Are you for the assizes?

*Grab.* Yes, sir, I'm in the profession; but if they make the changes they talk about, lawyers won't be worth a straw.

*Wra.* But their clients will, sir; there'll be the great difference.

*Grab.* I presume, then, sir, if you hold those opinions, that you're no lawyer?

*Wra.* Oh, yes; I am a barrister, and I believe they're much the same.

*Grab.* Not always. But the changes I allude to will bring us into a very bad case.

*Wra.* I rather think, sir, they will keep us out of a great many bad cases.

*Grab.* You're severe, sir, upon your own profession.

*Wra.* Well, I don't owe my profession much; for I've seldom been upon my legs since I've been upon my own hands.

*Grab.* It's a bad look-out for a young man, I must admit; but you must hope to rise.

*Wra.* Yes, sir, but I am never called upon to rise: there I sit, without a common motion of course, all day, while my seniors are always upon the move, as if they had discovered the grand secret of perpetual motion.

*Grab.* Every Lord Chancellor, you will remember, has been a junior barrister.

*Wra.* Yes, sir; but every junior barrister cannot become a Lord Chancellor.

*Grab.* Not exactly; but many may hope for the honour.

*Wra.* Not in these days: chancellors were never very ready to make way for their successors, and now they stick so, that one would think there was an adhesive plaster upon the woolsack.

[*A coach-horn heard without, R.—they start up.*]

*Re-enter WAITER, R.*

*Grab.* Is that the coach?

*Wai.* What have you taken, sir?

*Grab.* Nothing. Was that the coach I heard outside?

*Wai.* I can't tell what you've heard; we've something better to attend to than noises outside.

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] Insolent brute! It must be the coach. I hope Grimes will be in time, and have got the carpet bag all safe. [*Exit in a hurry, R.*

*Wra.* Here; what have I to pay, eh?

*Wai.* A shilling, sir, if you please; and the coach waits.

*Wra.* [*Giving a shilling.*] There, there!

*Wai.* Remember the waiter, sir.

*Wra.* There, there's twopence. [*Exit, L.*

*Wai.* I thank you, sir. Can I take any luggage for you, sir? Is there anything I can do, sir? That's enough civility for two-pence, I think! [*Walks leisurely off, L.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Pluckwell's House.*

PLUCKWELL, L., and HARRIET, R., discovered at breakfast—*Pluckwell reading a law-book.*

*Har.* Now, my dear papa, do give over reading that nasty law-book; I'm sure it must be very dry, though you've been poring over it for the last half-hour.

*Plu.* Harriet, my dear, the matter is of great importance to our future prospects. If Fleece should succeed—if we should lose our cause——

*Har.* Then we may find cause to lament; but I am sure we are safe. Mr. Wrangle, you know, is on our side, and if eloquence can save us, we shall be triumphant.

*Plu.* Yes, my dear, I will allow that Mr. Wrangle is a very clever young man; but unless the title deeds can be produced, we are utterly undone.

*Har.* But I have full confidence in my dear Wrangle: if I were a judge, I'm sure he could persuade me to any thing.

*Plu.* That is very well, my dear; but, consider, the case is different: a judge is not a young woman.

*Har.* But I've heard that some judges are old ones; and so I'm not so very wrong in my calculation, after all.

*Plu.* Yes, my dear, but the decision is one of great importance; it requires a great exercise of sagacity, and a strict adherence to justice and impartiality.

*Har.* Oh, then, I've hopes, if it depends upon justice. I thought it depended upon law.

*Plu.* Very true, my dear; but law and justice generally go together.

*Har.* Do they? Then, I suppose, if they go together, they don't always stay together, that's all.

*Plu.* My dear, have more veneration for the legal code of your country; remember, you are a magistrate's daughter, and these sneers come with but an ill grace from you. I tell you, Harriet, that law and justice are completely wedded to each other.

*Har.* Wedded to each other! Then, at least, you'll allow that, like many other married couples, they don't always agree.

*Plu.* Ah, my dear, your sex should not interfere with these things; females now are getting as wise as the men. Why, you young women will some day be wanting to have representatives in parliament.

*Har.* And why should not young women send members in, when old women are so thoroughly represented both in the Lords and Commons?

*Plu.* Hold your tongue, my dear, I insist! I cannot sit by, as a magistrate of the county, and hear my own daughter speak in this strain.

*Har.* Well then, papa, let's drop the debate before we've come to a division. I'll get rid of it by moving the previous question: will you have another cup of tea?

*Plu.* [*Reading the book.*] I must indeed get you, my dear, to turn over a new leaf.

*Har.* Give me the book, and I will turn over a new leaf. I thought you would get tired of plodding over that one for so many hours.

*Plu.* Really, your levity on the very morning of the trial that is to decide our fate, astonishes me. Fancy the loss of our estates and our grounds: would you not repine if we had no longer our houses?—Would you not lament if we had no longer our grounds?

*Har.* Why should we lament if we have no grounds?—But do not let us meet misfortune half-way: if it is even on its road, let us rather hope some accident may happen to it, and prevent its coming to the end of its journey.

*Plu.* And indeed it will; for arrive it must, unless some unforeseen accident brings to light those deeds which are now discovered to be missed.

*Har.* Why put the worst side of the picture before us? Let us hope the deeds have been missed to be discovered.

*Plu.* Well, well, it's no use, I see, talking seriously to you; you'll see our misfortune when it's too late.

*Har.* Isn't that better than seeing it when it's too early? But I'm sure Wrangle will triumph in a good cause.

*Plu.* But the cause can't be good without the papers.

*Har.* Oh! I can't see the virtue there is in a parcel of old deeds; and I never saw one yet that didn't begin with a falsehood.

*Plu.* A falsehood, my dear! What do you mean?—Pray speak with respect of our legal documents.

*Har.* Why, now, don't all deeds begin with, "To all to whom these presents may come?"

*Plu.* Yes, my dear; that is the solemn form of our venerable law documents—"To all to whom these presents may come."

*Har.* Yes; and though paid for at the most extravagant rate, they're called presents: isn't that false?

*Plu.* No, no, my dear, it don't mean exactly that—it don't mean, you know, presents—in the sense——

*Har.* There, there—that will do. It don't mean what it says; that is the only apology you can make for it;—but never mind; let us hope, for once, that good may come out of evil.

*Plu.* [*Rising.*] Well, I must go to meet my friend Wrangle at the inn, and make arrangements with him about attending the court; our trial stands very high upon the list, and will come off early.

*Har.* Oh, how I should like to hear it! May I go with you?

*Plu.* You can, if you please, my dear; but you will have to wait a few minutes in the carriage, while I call at the inn for Wrangle.

*Har.* Oh, don't mind that; for I'm sure Wrangle's speech will be a treat. I wouldn't miss it for the world.

*Plu.* Very well, my dear. Now we must prepare; the carriage waits. If anything should occur to defeat us—let me see: [*Opening the book.*] chapter 22, section 9, 30th of George 1st.

[*Exit, reading, R.*]

*Har.* My poor papa seems very nervous; but, for my part, if it were not for him, I should scarcely care which way it was decided. If in our favour, he gives me to Wrangle, out of gratitude; if against us, Wrangle must take me from necessity. If we lose our cause, I win a husband;

though I confess I'd rather bring a fortune to Wrangle, than go to him without one. But he must succeed in his profession; and if he don't one day become a chief justice, why, I'm no judge, that's all. [Exit, R.]

SCENE IV.—*The Coffee Room at a Country Inn.*

*Enter MR. STOKES, the Landlord, with a newspaper, L., followed by TOM and FRED, Waiters, the BARMAID, CHAMBERMAID, and BOOTS.*

*Stokes.* Now, then, listen to me. I have called you together, waiters, boots, barmaid, and chambermaid, for the purpose of giving you all warning——

*Omnes.* Lawk, sir! what for?

*Stokes.* Will you hear me? For the purpose of giving you all warning of the arrival of a swindler, who is said to be in the vicinity of London.

*Cham.* A swindler! I shall faint.

*Stokes.* Now attend to this. I perceive by this paper, that a swindler, with a carpet bag, is going about the country, taking off whatever valuables he can find in his way, and leaving behind a parcel of old cabbage-leaves. Now, what do you think of that?

*Tom.* (R.) It's dishonourable in the very highest degree.

*Boots.* It's a werry dirty trick to leave the cabbages, and cabbage the property.

*Stokes.* (c.) Well, I only wish, as the coach comes in, you should all be upon your guard.

*Boots.* (L.) I'll be upon the guard and coachman, too, sir, to find out whether they've brought the cabbaging chap this ere 'stablishment.

*Stokes.* Well, now, be very careful: it will be a man, recollect, with a carpet bag; if such a person should call for anything here, in the coffee-room, he is not to have it.

*Tom.* Very well, sir.

*Stokes.* [To the Barmaid.] If he wants anything at the bar, he mustn't be served.

*Boots.* A wicked chap! he'll find himself wanted at the bar, some of these ere days, if he carries on them ere games.

*Stokes.* Now you will all be on the look-out for the man with the carpet bag.

*Boots.* Von't I? Only let him ax me for the slippers: he'll find, if he docs, that he has put his foot in it!

[A horn heard without, L.]

SCENE IV.] THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG. 21

Stokes. There! there's the London coach! Fly, all of you!

[*Exeunt all but Tom, who moves the tables up.*]

Enter GRAB, WRANGLE, and GRIMES, with a carpet bag, L., followed by FRED.

Grab. [*Aside.*] So far, Grimes has managed the affair admirably; I see he holds close possession of the carpet bag.

Wra. Waiter, look to my luggage.

Tom. Yes, sir. [*Aside, eyeing Grimes.*] That chap looks too soft for a swindler, but the carpet bag is suspicious.—I'll try him. [*To Grimes.*] Shall I take your carpet bag, sir?

Grimes. [*Holding it firmly.*] Certainly not, fellow; I can take care of my own luggage.

Tom. [*Aside.*] It must be the man with the carpet bag. [*Exit, L.*]

Grab. [*Aside.*] That's very right of Grimes; he knows the importance of my instructions; he pretends ignorance of me—all as I directed him.

[*Grimes retires up and sits at the table, L.*]

Wra. That gentleman seems not disposed to join us; but as we are both engaged at the assizes, suppose we take a chop together, before going into court.

Grab. As you please, sir. [*Calling off.*] Here, waiter!

[*Grab and Wrangle sit at the table, R.*]

Re-enter TOM, L.

Tom. Did you call, gentlemen?

Wra. Let's have a chop for myself and this gentleman; and send the chambermaid.

Tom. The gentleman at the next table is not one of your party, is he, sir?

Grab. Oh, dear no; not at all.

Wra. Oh, no, he only came by the same coach.

Tom. Very well, gentlemen; then the chops shall be ready immediately.

Grimes. [*Aside.*] Come, I may as well do the thing genteelly, as master pays the expenses. [*Aloud.*] Here, waiter! waiter! what have you got in the house?

Tom. Why, a good deal more than you'll take out of the house, my friend, though you have got your carpet bag.

[*Exit, laughing, L.*]

Grimes. [*Aside.*] What does the fellow mean? My carpet bag seems to excite suspicion; they cannot surely

know about the deeds. I'm getting alarmed; I'll just put it out of their reach. *[Lays the bag on the table.]*

*Re-enter the CHAMBERMAID, L., who crosses and looks at Grimes with horror, as she passes towards Grab and Wrangle.*

*Cham.* Will you like to retire to arrange your dress?

*Wra.* Yes, my dear, I may as well; show me to a room, and send the Boots with a pair of slippers.

*Cham.* *[To Wrangle.]* This way, sir, if you please.—  
*[To Grab.]* I'll return for you presently, sir.

*Grab.* Very well.

*Grimes.* And, do you hear? I shall want a room.

*Cham.* What, you wicked wretch! do you think I'm going to let you have a room with that carpet bag?

*[Exeunt the Chambermaid and Wrangle, R.]*

*Grimes.* Master!

*Grab.* Grimes!

*Grimes.* Did you hear that?

*Grab.* Indeed I did, and I don't half like it. You surely have not mentioned to any one that it contains the deeds?

*Grimes.* Not I, sir, I'm sure; but I'm positive they suspect; for as I came through the hall, everybody eyed me as if they thought I'd been a pick pocket. Now they can't know, sir, that I'm connected with you.

*Grab.* No, Grimes; but there's something in it, you may rest assured. However, never mind what may happen; don't lose your hold of the carpet bag.

*Grimes.* Well, I won't sir; but it's a very unpleasant situation; I have not been so uncomfortable since I was ducked in the Fleet, for serving a notice of an opposition to an insolvency. *[Grab motions Grimes to be silent.]*

*Re-enter the CHAMBERMAID, R.]*

*Cham.* *[To Grab.]* Now, sir, I'll show you to a room, if you please, sir? *[Exit, R.]*

*Grab.* Thank you. *[To Grimes.]* Mind, I will reward you for your firmness, if you keep fast hold of the carpet bag. *[Exit, R.]*

*Grab.* Oh, yes, I dare say; reward me for my firmness! but I don't half like it. I'm sure they suspect that I've got papers I ought not to have, and so I'm being punished for my master's evil deeds. Everybody looks daggers at me; here comes the Boots; I wonder if I shall get a civil word from him.



*Re-enter Boots, with a boot-jack and slippers, L.—he crosses to R., eyeing Grimes.*

*Boots.* [*Aside.*] It is the chap with the carpet bag. One wouldn't think he was such a willin by his looks; but some of the hardest wretches looks the softest; there's no judging of a man's mind by its outside appearance, any more than you can judge of a shoe's sole by the upper leather.

*Grimes.* Hollo! here, Boots!

*Boots.* Oh, young man—it won't do! I knows all about you, and that ere carpet bag.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] What does he mean? Can he suspect it contains the papers? [*Aloud.*] What do you mean, fellow, by your remark upon this carpet bag? What is there in a carpet bag?

*Boots.* You know best what there is in the bag. Ah, young man! why don't you give up your evil deeds?

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] Give up the deeds! He must have discovered the secret! [*Aloud.*] Leave the room, fellow! Do you think I can listen to you insults? Get out, I say!

*Boots.* Oh, I'm sure I don't want to stay with you, for I'm certain, young man, you must be in league with the old 'un. [*Exit, R.*]

*Grimes.* In league with the old one! Here's a pretty business! he has discovered my connection with Grab.—I'm lost! At all events, I'll have something to drink.— [*Calling off.*] Here, waiter! waiter!

*Re-enter TOM, L., and crosses to R.*

*Tom.* Coming, sir, coming! What! is it only you?

*Grimes.* Only me, sir! What do you mean? An't I as good as any other gentleman?

*Tom.* Come, now, young chap, none of your larks; it won't do here!

*Grimes.* Won't do here! No, and I don't wonder at its not doing here, if you treat your customers in this manner. Bring me a glass of brandy and water, hot, with plenty of sugar.

*Tom.* With a silver tea-spoon, I suppose, too? Come, come, I think you take it cool.

*Grimes.* No, I don't, sir, I take it hot; I want it quite hot.

*Tom.* Come, young man, you'd better be off with your carpet bag. I think you're carrying it rather too far.

*Grimes.* What have you to do with my carpet bag? and what is it to you how far I carry it?

*Re-enter* STOKES, L.

Are you the landlord of this inn, sir?

*Stokes.* Yes, I am, sir.

*Grimes.* Do you know, sir, that I have called for several things in your house?

*Stokes.* Oh, yes, sir; I believe you've called for a good many things, but you won't take them away with you.

*Grimes.* If I am to obtain no redress, I'll leave the house.  
[*Going.*]

*Stokes.* No, you don't, sir; we've got you—we've been looking for the man with the carpet bag.

[*Stokes and Tom collar Grimes.*]

*Grimes.* [*Struggling.*] Help! murder! thieves!

*Re-enter* WRANGLE, GRAB, BOOTS, and CHAMBERMAID, R.

*Wra.* (R. C.) What is all this disturbance?

*Grab.* (R.) What is the matter with this gentleman?—  
[*Aside.*] Surely, they cannot have discovered the papers?

*Stokes.* (L. C.) Why, gentlemen, this person is the man with the carpet bag, [*All laugh.*] about whom a paragraph has lately appeared in the newspapers.

*Wra.* [*Aside.*] My paragraph! Poor fellow! I must get him out of the mess, though, somehow. [*Crosses to L.*]

*Grab.* What do you mean? what pretext have you for treating the gentleman in that way?

*Grimes.* That's what I want to know. Let me go!

*Stokes.* Oh, no, we can't do that; we must have the thing looked into.

*Grimes.* You don't look into this bag, I can tell you.

*Grab.* Certainly not; there can be no searching without warrant; so the law has laid it down.

*Boots.* (L.) If the law has laid it down, I don't see why I shouldn't take it up. Search the bag!

*Stokes, Tom, & Cham.* Search the bag!

*Wra.* [*Aside.*] This is getting serious. I must explain; yet, I suppose, he will allow the bag to be searched, and so put an end to suspicion. [*Aloud to Grimes.*] You are, sir, in an unpleasant position just now; will you allow me to advise you?

*Grimes.* You're very good, sir; anything you recommend I'll do; for I've a character to lose.

*Boots.* Have you? Well, you won't be long now losing it.

*Wra.* Silence! I would be just to you, sir, though I have not the pleasure of knowing you.

*Stokes.* We know him, sir ; he's the man with the carpet bag.

*Grimes.* Well, if I am a man with the carpet bag, what is there in that ?

*Boots.* Oh, you may well say, [*Pointing to the bag.*]—what is there in that !

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] This is terrible ; they evidently suspect what is in the carpet bag, and I am lost !

*Grimes.* [*To Grab and Wrangle.*] I appeal to you, gentlemen, whether this is a proper way to treat a traveller ?

*Wra.* I should say, certainly not.

*Grab.* Aye ; certainly not.

*Omnes.* Oh—aye—aye—aye !

*Wra.* But I would recommend, that as you are unfortunately suspected of having a dishonest object in carrying that carpet bag, you should allow it to be opened, and so satisfy every one of your innocence.

*Stokes, Tom, Boots, & Cham.* Yes, yes, yes !

*Grab.* No, I can't agree to that.

*Boots.* What have you to do with it ?

*Grab.* I merely interfere as a lawyer, and a friend to the unfortunate.

*Boots.* Oh, come, none of that—you can't be both !

*Wra.* Well, sir, what would you advise ? Why not let him open the bag ?

*Grimes.* [*To Grab.*] Well, may I, sir—I mean, do you think I had better, sir ?

*Grab.* As a lawyer, I should say no.

*Boots.* Then, as an honest man, I should say yes ; and there's just the difference.

*Re-enter FRED, L.*

*Fred.* [*To Wrangle.*] The gentleman whom you have expected has arrived.

*Enter PLUCKWELL, L.*

*Wra.* Ah, my dear sir ! I am delighted to see you !

*Stokes.* Oh ! now we shall soon understand it, for here's Mr. Pluckwell, the magistrate ; he'll settle it.

*Grab.* [*Aside.*] Pluckwell ! the party to the suit ! I'm undone !

*Wra.* My dear sir, before going to the trial of your own cause, we would like your magisterial advice on a little point of dispute.

*Plu.* What is it ? I'm sorry to see a disturbance in this respectable inn ; it stands the highest in the town.

*Wra.* [*Aside.*] And charges the highest, also!

*Stokes.* The fact is, sir, here is a man——

*Grimes.* The fact is, sir, here is a scoundrel!

*Plu.* Never mind descriptions now; you need not be so particular.

*Boots.* Indeed, the man who describes that chap with the carpet bag, must not be so particular.

*Wra.* It seems, sir, that that person is suspected of being the party alluded to in that paragraph. [*Giving the newspaper to Pluckwell, who reads.*] We wish to know how to deal with him.

*Grimes.* Deal with me, indeed! If I am a scoundrel, why don't you cut with me?

*Boots.* Oh, yes, you're not going to shuffle out of it that way; we've turned up a knave.

*Plu.* Silence! I perceive the suspicion in the case of the carpet bag, and I will go into it.

*Boots.* What! the carpet bag?

*Stokes.* Silence, Boots!

*Plu.* It is rather out of form, but as I do not wish to detain a man who may be innocent, we will inquire at once into the question.

*Wra.* I think, sir, that is the best way of proceeding.

*Grab.* I think not. I can't see what right we have to inquire into this man's private affairs; I should say, discharge him at once.

*Omnes.* No, no, no! search the bag!

*Plu.* [*Sitting at the table.*] No; I will take the responsibility of inquiring into this affair; but I will see all fair. You, Mr. Wrangle, shall state the case for the prosecution, and as that gentleman has shown some little anxiety for the accused, he may conduct the defence. Now, Mr. Wrangle.

*Wra.* [*Aside.*] Poor fellow! it's all my paragraph; but he is very obstinate in refusing to open the bag.

*Plu.* Prisoner! prisoner! have you anything to say, why the carpet bag should not be opened? or have you any witnesses to prove your respectability?

*Grimes.* Why, sir—I'll call the coachman who brought me down. [*Aside.*] I gave him sixpence, which he didn't seem to expect, and I think he'll say a good word for me.

*Plu.* Very well; let the coachman be sent for.

[*Exit Fred, L.*]

*Grimes.* It's very hard that I should be driven up in a corner, in this way.

*Wra.* Well, here's the coachman; let's see if he can drive you out.

*Enter* COACHMAN, L.

*Plu.* Now, prisoner, have you any questions to ask that individual?

*Grimes.* Yes, sir, if you please. Mr. Coachman, I want you to speak to my character.

*Coach.* I'd rather be excused; for I makes a point of never speaking to them as an't respectable.

*Grimes.* What do you mean by that? Didn't I give you sixpence, you vagabond?

*Wra.* Come, prisoner, you must not intimidate the witness, or ask for his evidence in your favour, on the plea of a bribe. Now, coachman, what do you know of the accused?

*Coach.* I knows nothing of him, no more than he was took up in London; and now I finds him took up here, before his worship.

*Wra.* Well, friend, but what do you know of the carpet bag?

*Grimes.* Yes, now—did you see anything suspicious in it?

*Coach.* Oh, no! you took care neither I nor anybody else should see anything suspicious in it; for you never let go of it.

*Wra.* Indeed! that's a suspicious circumstance. Did you ever take it from him?

*Coach.* Oh, yes; but he snatched it out of my hand and wouldn't let me touch it; he wouldn't even let me put it safe in the boot.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] Oh, that unlucky boot! there I did put my foot it. [*Aloud.*] Coachman, you have driven me to despair!

*Coach.* No, I have driven you to the assizes.

*Wra.* That will do for you, coachman. Gentlemen, this is a case of the most extraordinary kind; and, as the evidence is circumstantial, great care should be taken in receiving it. But, gentlemen, the manner in which the coachman gave his testimony is so fair, that it is impossible to doubt his word. Then, too, look at the suspicious manner in which the prisoner brought to mind the sixpenny douceur which he had given on his journey. Gentlemen, is it not an aggravation of the prisoner's delinquency, that here, in the very face of law, with justice emblomed in the magistrate—with honesty typified in the whole bearing of Boots, the chief promoter of the prosecution, and stern integrity lowering in the features of the unbought coachman,—is it

not, I say, dreadful that an attempt should thus openly be made to suborn a principal witness? But it is unnecessary for me to dwell further upon the evidence. The prisoner's bearing is the most suspicious part of the case. There is, in his appearance, a strong presumption of guilt. Look, gentlemen, at his coat: does it not betray a capacity of pocket adapted to his nefarious trade? Look at his trousers: are those the trousers of an honest man? No! I turn from them with horror inexpressible. But his hat, gentlemen, his hat crowns all. When we look at his garments, we must admit the man is in a dreadful case. With these remarks, I leave the matter in the hands of the magistrate. I think the case is clear.

*Plu.* Certainly, I must order the carpet bag to be opened, unless the prisoner can give some better account of himself.

*Wra.* Now, prisoner, what have you to say to the charge?

*Grimes.* Why, sir, the real truth of the matter is——

*Grab.* Stop, young man! [*Crossing to Grimes—aside.*] Mind what you're about—no real truth, or you may criminate yourself.

*Grimes.* Well, then, the fact is, that I was coming——

*Wra.* Stop, young man: perhaps you can say satisfactorily what it was that brought you down from London?

*Grimes.* Why, the coach, sir.

*Boots.* What an ewasive answer!

*Wra.* Silence, Boots! you must not interrupt the course of justice. Now, prisoner, proceed.

*Grimes.* Gentlemen, I must allow things look suspicious against me, and that in my remark to the coachman, I was a little off the guard; but, gentlemen, I am innocent. In reply to that gentleman's observations on my outward appearance, what can I say? My coat is seedy, of course, because it has been often sewn. Then my hat, gentlemen, what is there in my hat? [*Putting it on.*] Why, only my head! and I'm sure you will admit there's nothing in that. Why should my opponent bring my clothes into the close of his speech? But you may say, because I was shabby, it was kind of him to give me a dressing. I know his object was to wound me; but he has not succeeded in making me smart. But I will drop this line of defence, and state the facts. I was coming with that gentleman—no, I mean this—my master, that is—this carpet bag; and I was told by him—that is, I wanted not to let it go, because—the—that is—there's something in it.

*Wra.* Yes, there is evidently more in it than meets the eye; the excuse is very lame.

*Boots.* Not particularly lame, neither, sir; for it's all Walker!

*Plu.* [To *Grab.*] Now, sir, what course do you recommend your client to pursue? Do you not advise him to open the bag?

*Grab.* Decidedly not, sir. I consider it an infringement on the liberty of the subject: I had rather he should be imprisoned six months.

*Grimes.* Well, that's kind! What becomes of the liberty of the subject, if I'm sent to prison?

*Grab.* Why, you still preserve your rights.

*Grimes.* Curse my rights! If I'm imprisoned to maintain them, I'd sooner not have one left.

*Plu.* If he refuses, I shall send him to Bridewell as a vagabond.

*Grab.* Then we shall appeal.

*Grimes.* What's the use of appealing?

*Grab.* Why, it will give you reparation in the end.

*Grimes.* But what's the use of reparation in the end, if I'm to be imprisoned in the beginning?

*Grab.* Will you leave the case with me?

*Grimes.* Yes, if I can leave the punishment with you; but as that can't be done, I'll stand it no longer—I will open the bag.

*Grab.* No, you don't; I cannot allow you, as my client, to do such a thing.

*Wra.* But why not? If the man is willing, what can it matter to you?

*Grab.* I should advise him against it, on general principles.

*Grimes.* Well, but I shall get into a scrape, if I don't.

*Grab.* Never mind that: if I am your legal adviser, I do all for the best; you may have private papers in your bag.

*Wra.* Well, sir, that is the man's own look-out, if he suffers them to be inspected.

*Grab.* Very true, sir; but suppose other parties are concerned? You know, sir, I can have only one motive, and that is to see justice done.

*Boots.* Yes, sir; but justice an't to be done in no sich manner.

*Wra.* Well, sir, but there can be no objection to let the contents of the bag be inspected by Mr. Pluckwell, who is a man of honour, and a magistrate.

*Grab.* A magistrate is the last person who should open the bag; but you, sir, who are a disinterested party, may, I should think, inspect its contents, on a promise of secrecy. [*To Grimes, giving him the key.*] Do you consent to this?

*Grimes.* Consent to that? Oh, yes, to anything, to get out of this mess!

*Grab.* [*To Wrangle.*] You hear—he consents.

*Grimes.* [*Aside.*] What a situation to be in! It's worse than that where I was clerk to a barrister without briefs, and relied on the half-crown fees for a salary!

*Wra.* You may rely on my honour. [*Crossing to Grimes and taking the bag.*] I am a barrister; my name is Wrangle.

*Grab.* Wrangle! Give me the bag, sir! [*Crossing to R.*] I won't allow you to search it! [*All prevent Grab.*] I am a respectable attorney, and the party accused is my clerk; I'll vouch for his respectability.

*Boots.* And a precious voucher you are! Why, you're as bad as t'other one.

*Plu.* The affair begins to wear a serious complexion, as regards both parties. I insist on Mr. Wrangle searching the bag.

*Grab.* I tell you, sir, it only contains instruments.

*Boots.* Oh, yes—housebreaking instruments.

*Grab.* No, sir; legal instruments.

*Boots.* Well, an't it all the same?

*Wra.* If your story be true, there can be no harm in searching. [*He opens the bag, and the papers drop out.*] Well, the man's story seems true enough: there is nothing in the bag but a few loose papers.

*Boots.* Look inside, sir; I'm sure there's mischief; see if there an't no skeleton keys.

*Grab.* Come, deliver them up to the owners.

*Wra.* I will. What's this? "Fleece *v.* Pluckwell."— [*Handing them to Pluckwell.*] The very papers that were wanting to decide our action.

*Plu.* They are, indeed, the same.

*Grab.* [*Crossing to Grimes.*] Oh, you rascal! an't you a pretty fellow? I'll stick you on one of the office files when I get you home, and execute an endorsement on you with the large ruler!

*Plu.* You were right, Boots; the papers do contain a key, and a very important one.

*Enter FRED, L., hushing in HARRIET, who crosses to Pluckwell.*

*Har.* Lord, papa! how long you stay! I'm quite im-



patient of waiting in the carriage outside; the trial will be coming on, and we shan't have arrived in the court.

*Wra.* The trial is over: a little event, which I will explain some other time, has put us in possession of the papers we have so long desired, and the estates are secured to your family.

*Har.* Oh, my dear Wrangle! I knew you would be the means of settling the trial in our favour. By what stretch of ingenuity did you manage it?

*Wra.* It was brought about by that gentleman with the carpet bag.

*Har.* [*To Grimes.*] Oh, sir, a thousand thanks! let me throw myself at your feet. [*Kneels.*]

*Grimes.* Oh, ma'am, I don't want anything thrown at me; master's been throwing his eyeballs at me in a most terrible manner.

*Grab.* Oh, I'll pay you off, Mr. Grimes; you have lost me my character, and, what is far worse, you have lost me my bill of costs!

*Wra.* As to your character, I think your loss may be very easily repaired.

*Plu.* It is in my power for this offence to commit you both.

*Grimes.* Oh, no, don't, sir; I think we've committed ourselves.

*Wra.* Yes, it's of no use to punish them, for their villainy has not got its end; and that it will get to its end just yet, is not very probable. [*To Grab and Grimes.*] Are you satisfied with the decision we have come to?

*Grimes.* (L.) Oh! it's nothing to me; ask my master.

*Grab.* (R.) No, I'm not satisfied; but I have still power to appeal. Here is a jury already sitting. [*To the Audience.*] Permit me to make a few observations. My man here, Grimes—

*Grimes.* Oh! don't bring me into it—I have nothing to do with it!

*Wra.* [*To Grab.*] Allow me, sir; perhaps I can serve you. [*Advancing, c.*] I am sure no one here wishes to judge harshly. Ladies and gentlemen, will you allow me to move for another hearing of

THE MAN WITH THE CARPET BAG?

THE END.



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